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Collage Vol. II

Roberta Chapman
Denison University

Anitra Chughtai
Denison University

Charles O'Keefe
Denison University

Mark Vanderlinde-Abernathy
Denison University

Amy Norskog
Denison University

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Roberta Chapman, Anitra Chughtai, Charles O'Keefe, Mark Vanderlinde-Abernathy, Amy Norskog, Sarah Bishop, Hafedh Zanina, Ryan Butz, Jennifer Humbert, Fadona El Bouamraoui, Adele Reeves, Brody Pagel, Grace Du Gar, Jimmy Pipkin, Molly Roscoe, Matt Messmer, Timothy Cooper, David Harman, Ann Townsend, Sara Cahill, Matt Bishop, Priscilla Paton, Gonzalo Tuesta, Sarah Pillersdorf, Michael Tangeman, Danielle Gerken, Curtis Plowgian, Jennifer Zimmer, Autumn Lotze, Stephen M. Julka, Thomas Bressoud, Eric Nelson, Sarah Clapp, John Burzynski, Megan Fetter, Richard Banahan, Kim Freeman, Jacob Rodriguez-Nobel, and Suzanne Kennedy



Collage

*A Magazine for
Language & the Arts*

Collage

A Magazine for Language & the Arts

Collage is an interdisciplinary magazine designed to explore the poetry of language and the visual arts. Submissions may include original poetry, short prose, and bilingual translations. All submissions must be accompanied by an English translation and include the name of both contributor and translator. Images may be in black and white or color and must be submitted digitally. In the online version of the publication, we can also insert links for audio and video pieces.

Editor

Judy Cochran (cochran@denison.edu)

Student Editor

Richard Banahan

Publisher

Department of Modern Languages Denison University Granville Ohio USA

Technical Advisor

Cheryl Johnson, Instructional Technologist (johnsonc@denison.edu)

Magazine Layout

Cheryl Johnson

Cover Photographs

Charles O'Keefe (front), Richard Banahan (back)

Issue Contributors

Charles O'Keefe Judy Cochran Roberta Chapman Anitra Chughtai
Mark Vanderlinde-Abernathy Amy Norskog Sarah Bishop Hafedh Zanina Ryan Butz
Jennifer Humbert Fadona El Bouamraoui Adele Reeves Brody Pagel Grace Du Gar
Jimmy Pipkin Molly Roscoe Matt Messmer Timothy Cooper David Harman
Ann Townsend Sara Cahill Matt Bishop Priscilla Paton Gonzalo Tuesta
Sarah Pillersdorf Michael Tangeman Danielle Gerken Curtis Plowgian
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Eric Nelson Sarah Clapp John Burzynski Megan Fetter
Richard Banahan Kim Freeman
Jacob Rodriguez-Nobel
Suzanne Kennedy

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A Magazine for Language & the Arts

No. 2 - Spring 2006



Editorial

by Judy Cochran

In this second issue of *Collage* we have gathered reflections in text and image on our relationship as individuals to the world around us. With song lyrics and love poems, images of nature and the city, the Java language of mathematics and Japanese cartoons, we have interwoven expressions of individual identity.

We have juxtaposed images of nature's capricious violence and beauty: the butterfly's encounter with the blossom, the mustard flower in bloom beneath moon and sun, a moth caught in the black spider's web, the summer grasses that remain from a Warrior's dreams, an imperfect monkey created by the careless gods of China, the "dark star" shining above one writer's home, the comet that mirrors Jim Morrison's brief explosive life, and the single, stationary satellite seen in "From a Window," "marking its way in the everlasting sky."

In the natural world, we find images of ourselves, like the young lover who loses his heart to the weeping willow, only to find that her branches "fall to the earth like tears" while other trees open to the sky. Through the gaze of one writer, the Eiffel Tower is transformed into the "Great Lady of Paris," a benign, protective mother; through the gaze of another, the sun rises in the final embrace of two lovers. Human love, like nature, remains ever tenuous, always yearning for the permanence of art. Thus, we see the young woman at Rusty's Jazz Café, wondering if her musician companion will

reach out to her as to the song. The group “Begin” sings of love’s longing and ultimate parting. In “Another Woman,” what began as love turns to degradation, for “someone has confused his rage/ with her only life.”

One contributor creates a virtual language, using Java, the “Turtle Art” of mathematics, where he programs the computer to produce a virtual pen, tracing the outline of a face. Another text evokes ironically the proverbial dilemma of gender faced by the student learning French: “Imagine that doors, chairs, and lamps were female, that walls, pencils, and sandwiches were male...” A contributor in Spanish uses playful imagery to show that tennis makes her problems “too tired” to worry her. In Japanese cartoons humor illustrates still another view of the process of creation, while a Chinese text recreates the neon lights of Time Square as they announce the Pope’s death.

From love songs to the Waseda University alma mater, we experience the endless ripples and echoes of childhood, so we chose to end this issue with images of home. Through the “colors of the world” and the “fields of rainbows,” we follow our hearts on roads that lead away from home, then back again, to the comfort of sleep beneath the bedspread quilted by a grandmother’s hands.

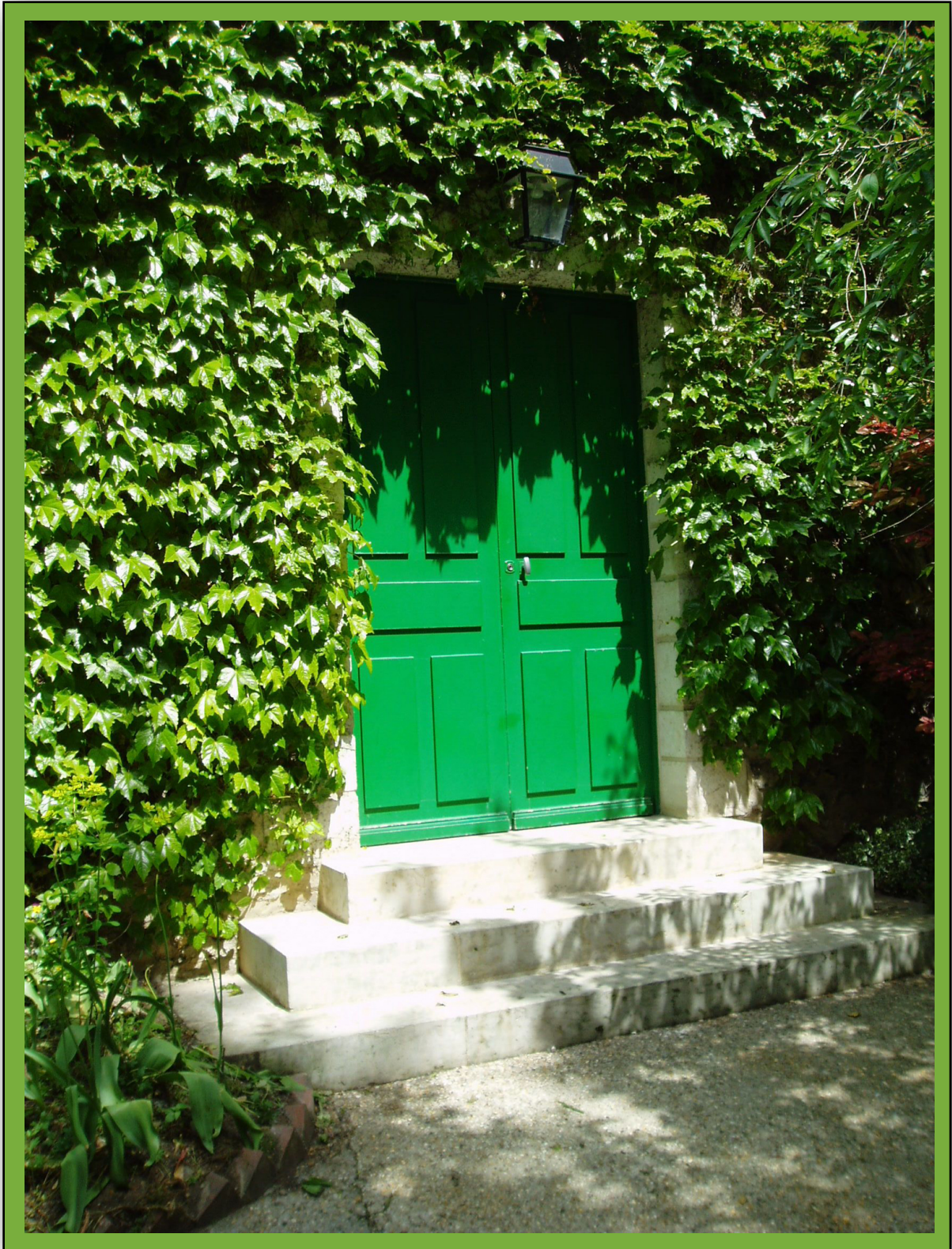


Photo by Roberta Chapman

木がらしや
目刺にのこる
海のいろ

芥川竜之介

Akutagawa Ryunosuke

After winter winds,
The colors of the ocean;
In dried fish, remain.

菜の花や
月は東に
日は西に

与謝蕪村

Yosa Buson

Mustard flower blooms.
Above, the moon in the east,
The sun in the west.

訳：阿仁虎 蛛愚態

Translations by Anitra Chughtai



Photo by Charles O'Keefe

Memories of a Spider

Small white moths
in black spider webs,

a flurry of flapping wings.
The silent snap of strands
woven by the demon spider
as she hobbles and wobbles
shakily to her meal.

The moth struggled to move in the web.
I could not call out
to those in white coats

My eyes opened, facing the floor.
The surgery braced my spine
with metal rods,
and fused the bones
to restrict their movement.

My torso felt empty when I woke up.

I liked to watch moths struggle in
the black garden spider's net.
I could remember running
through my yard.

The leaps I made
to pinch
white wings.

Mark Vanderlinde-Abernathy

Les souvenirs d'une araignée

Les petits papillons de nuit blancs
dans les toiles d'araignée noire,

un tourbillon de battement d'ailes
Le bris silencieux de brins
tissés par l'araignée démoniaque
pendant qu'elle boitille et oscille
en tremblant vers sa proie.

Le papillon de nuit s'est débattu dans la toile.
Je ne pourrais pas crier
à ceux en manteaux blancs

Mes yeux se sont ouverts, face au plancher.
La chirurgie a renforcé mon épine
avec les tringles en métal,
et a unifié les os
pour limiter tout mouvement.

Au réveil mon torse était comme vide.

J'aimais regarder les petits papillons de
nuit blancs lutter dans les toiles
d'araignée noires. Je me souvenais de
mes courses dans la cour.

Des sauts que je faisais
pour pouvoir pincer
les ailes blanches.

Translated by Alyssa Landry

Tomato Fields

My father pulled weeds
around the field of Roma Tomatoes
bathed in morning's spray
while I tied branches to stakes
with mother's old nylon leggings
and felt dry from the silence between us.

In that fog we were distantly working,
tending to the family garden
that would bleed in autumn
the "fruits of our labor". But that labor
tasted bitter when we did not talk
for hours. My father could never
strike up a conversation. That day
I dared not break the silence that kept

me and my father together
in the Roma Tomato field.

Mark Vanderlinde-Abernathy

Champ de tomates

Mon père arrachait les mauvaises herbes
autour du champ de tomates romaines
baigné sous le jet du matin
alors que moi, je fixais les tiges aux piquets
avec des bas en nylon rejetés de maman
ressentant l'aridité du silence entre nous.

Au cœur du brouillard nous labourions à
distance, cultivant le jardin familial
qui en automne saignerait
des « fruits de notre besoin ». Cependant
ces fruits-là avait goût amer, mûris dans le silence
des heures et des heures. Mon père n'ayant
jamais su engager la conversation. Je n'ai osé
rompre le silence qui nous liait ce jour-là

moi et mon père ensemble
dans le champ de tomates romaines.

Translated by Amy Norskog

Dear John

I wrote him a letter
before I left.

I'll read it as if it were
chocolate, he said, treasuring
the words that fell, tumbled

as so many kisses.

I tell you it was hard to leave
to say I did not need him,
to lie like that. I needed
what he could give me, peace:
I became addicted to peace

because it never came
to me, never kissed me
behind a door,
never looked at me at all.
Then it found me in a warm breath

against my shoulder,
in arms around my waist,
in the cave my body made that he filled
while lying side by side.
The day bent around me, turned
orange and pink as the sun through a bright

tree on the horizon. The days were
ending, buzzing close to me.
I saw a flower's petals separate
as it browned in the middle
of a glass bowl, water enclosing it. I wrote
him a letter, in it I said

time takes peace away from us.

Sarah Bishop

Cher John

Je lui ai écrit une lettre
avant de partir.
Je la lirai comme si
c'était du chocolat, dit-il, chérissant
les mots qui tombaient, qui culbutaient

comme autant de baisers.
Je te dis que c'était dur de partir
de dire que je n'avais plus besoin de lui,
de mentir ainsi. J'avais besoin
de ce qu'il pouvait m'offrir, la paix:
j'étais obsédée de paix

parce qu'elle n'est jamais venue
jusqu'à moi, ne m'a jamais embrassée
derrière une porte
ne m'a jamais regardée.
Puis elle m'a trouvée dans un souffle chaud

contre mon épaule
dans des bras autour de ma taille,
dans la grotte de mon corps qu'il remplissait
couchés l'un contre l'autre.
Le jour m'enveloppait, orange
et rose comme le soleil à travers un arbre

étincelant à l'horizon. Les journées
s'achevaient, bourdonnant près de moi.
J'ai vu les pétales d'une fleur se séparer
et brunir dans une assiette en crystal, de
l'eau tout autour. Je lui ai écrit une lettre
disant

le temps nous vole la paix.

Translated by Hafeedh Zanina

芭蕉の俳句
Basho's Haiku

夏草や
兵どもが
ゆめの跡

The summer grasses
Are like the remains of
Warrior's dreams.

Translated by Ryan Butz

“おくのほそ道”の東の最北端 平泉み高原に着く。
ここ伊川は激しい合戦のあった義経しゅうとくの地。
いま、激戦のおもかげは何一つ残らず、
夏草が思いのままに繁っているのみ。
人の計らい、人の野望、人の世のはかなさ……。
すべては夢のごとし。
-金子 兜太

East of the northern most region visited in “Narrow Road to the Interior,” one comes to Hiraizumi Plain. Here, at Koromo River, the site of a vicious battle is where Yoshitsune was killed. Now there is no trace of this violent conflict. Just summer grasses thrive as they have been remembered. Humanity's scheming, desires, and the impermanence of human society.....

Are all but a dream.

Kaneko Touda

一茶の俳句

Issa's Haiku

雪とけて
村一ぱいの
子どもかな

As the snow melts
The village becomes
Alive with Children.

“是がまあつひの栖か雪五尺”。
一茶が永住を決めたしなの柏原。
雪は今、解けはじめる春。
村の広場には、子どもたちが一ぱい集まっている。
春をよろこぶ声が響く。
子ども好きであった一茶のころも同じ。
雪国にも、私にも春が来たのだ。
-金子 兜太

“Under five feet of snow, this place is like a bear’s den buried deep in winter,” thought Issa as he looked on Shinano Kashiwara where he decided to settle down. Now the snow starts to melt as spring comes. At the village center, many children gather. The voices of children, rejoicing in spring, echo throughout the village. Issa’s heart has the same love for spring that these children have. The spring has come to both the snowy areas, and Issa.

Kaneko Touda

pressed lips

pressed lips,
red as pomegranate skin,
fit over each other,
sealed, as the seeds we wish to keep.
seeds or secrets, I can't tell
as my eyes, brushing yours,
are softly pulled down,
and closed.

there is no child that blooms
in the summer or springtime
half as lovely
as the vintage images of
enchanted faeries
hung above our bed.

we sleep, heavy and fitted
in a green shell, that without
its cream lace, might have been
lifted and tucked around us
as earnestly as the stems
that fasten the summer vines.

Jennifer Humbert

lèvres serrées

lèvres serrées,
rouges comme une peau de grenade,
ajustées l'une sur l'autre,
scellées, comme les semences
que nous souhaitons conserver.
semences ou secrets, je ne peux le dire
alors que mes yeux, caressant les tiens,
se baissent doucement et se ferment.

aucun enfant qui éclot
durant l'été ou le printemps
n'est à moitié aussi beau
que les images périmées
des fées charmantes,
suspendues au-dessus de notre lit.

nous dormons, lourds et serrés
dans une coquille verte qui,
sans sa dentelle crémée, aurait pu être
soulevée et plissée autour de nous
avec la sincérité des liges
enserrant les vignes d'été.

*Translated by
Fadoua El Bouamraoui*

飛べるよ君にも
羽を広げてごらんよ
一緒に行こうさあ準備を
ほら早くしておいでよ
はぐれずに付いて来れるかい？僕に

君には従順を僕には優しさを
互いに演じさせて疲れてしまうけど
それでも意味はあるかいどう思う？
今も欲しがってくれるかい？僕を

傷付け合う為じゃなく
僕らは出会ってった言い切れるかなあ？
今分かる答えひとつただひとつ

I love you
and I love you
and I love you

未熟な情熱を何の保証もない明日を
信じて疑って足がすくんでも
まだ助走を続けるさ今日も
一緒に超えてくれるかい昨日を

もう一人きりじゃ飛べない
君が僕を軽くしてるから
今ならきっと照れないで
歌える歌える歌える

I love you
and I love you
and I love you

どうしようもなく急に一人になりたい時
がある
屋上で月を眺めてた
君に想いが強く向くほど臆病になるのが
分かって
素直には認められなくて
でも君が僕につき通してた嘘をあきらめ
た日
それが来るのを感じたんだ
未来がまた一つほらまた一つ
僕らに近づいてる

I love you
and I love you
and I love you

*Contemporary song by
“Mr. Children”*

I'm going to fly and so are you
Spread your wings
Hurry, away we'll go!
Hey, let's get ready.
Can you stay with me?

You pretend to be meek, I pretend to be
gentle
This wears us out,
But do you think that it means anything?
Even now, do you want me?

Can we be sure that we didn't meet
Just to hurt one another?
There's one answer, only one, I under-
stand now.

I love you
and I love you
and I love you

Tomorrow has no guarantees for young
passion.
Trust, if there's doubt, for I can't move
on.
Today, we'll keep running.
Together will we overcome yesterday?

I can't fly without you
You make me light
So don't feel embarrassed now
I can sing. I can sing. I can sing.

I love you
and I love you
and I love you

I can't help it, sometimes I just want to
be alone.
On the rooftops I watched the moon.
I'm aware that I've become so afraid that
my thoughts for you grow stronger.
I can't admit it to myself.
But the day I gave up the lies you thrust
on me
That's when I felt it.
One more future, yeah, one more future
Is coming towards us.

I love you
and I love you
and I love you

Translated by Adele Reeves

The Lizard King*

One leaf drops
Earthbound, it is beautiful in flight
Like fireworks,
or electric guitar solos
Spinning in yellows, oranges,
and reds
Alive in eyes who'd never seen it
till it was dead
Now they register-no, are captivated by
It's minute chaos,
vivid exodus, its last waltz
Heads never turn when the leaves are
green
They search for the bang,
envious as they themselves
fade away

Brody Pagel

*The Lizard King is a nickname for Jim Morrison, singer with the Doors. He compared himself to a comet, and this poem alludes to this image. Morrison was very young when he died - 27 years old. He was the first rock star to become so famous. His life was very short and explosive, like the fireworks that the author of this poem describes.

Le Roi Léopard*

Une feuille tombe
À terre, belle à l'envol
Comme des feux d'artifices
ou un solo de guitare électrique
Tournant en jaune, orange,
et rouge
Vivant dans des yeux qui ne l'avaient
jamais vue avant sa mort
Maintenant ils disent- non, ils sont captivés par son chaos minuscule,
son exode vivide, sa dernière valse
Les têtes ne se tournent jamais quand
les feuilles sont vertes
Envieuses, elles cherchent l'éclat
alors qu'elles-mêmes
s'effacent

Translated by Grace DuGar

* Le Roi Léopard est le petit nom de Jim Morrison, chanteur avec les Doors. Il s'est comparé à une comète, et ce poème fait allusion à cette image. Morrison était très jeune quand il est mort il avait 27 ans. C'était le premier rockeur à devenir aussi célèbre. Sa vie fut très courte et explosive, comme les feux d'artifice que l'auteur du poème décrit.

恋しくて泣き出した
日々などもうわすれたの
今さらはもどらない
キズつけあった日々が長すぎたの
戻る気はないんて
うそをちてわらってても
信じてたもう一度
もう一度あの頃の夢の中
かわす言葉
ゆきづまりのうそ
好きなら好きとsay again言えばよかった

I remember. Do you remember?
わけもなくて笑った頃

I remember. Oh Oh,
かわす言葉

ゆきづまりのうそ
好きなら好きとsay again言えばよかった

せつなくて、悲しくて、恋しくて、泣き
たくなる
そんな夜は Oh ブルーズ Oh ブルーズ

Contemporary song by "Begin"

In Love with You

I've forgotten those days I cried
Because of missing you.
It was so long ago, I can't go back.
Those hurtful days were too long.
I don't want to go back
Even though you laughed while you lied
I believed again and again the dreamlike
words

We exchanged in those days.
The trivial lies.

I should have said, 'If you love me, tell
me again.'

I remember. Do you remember?
When we laughed for no reason?
I remember. Oh, Oh!

The words we exchanged
Our petty quarrels.
I should have said, 'If you love me, tell
me again.'
I remember. Do you remember?

This pain makes me miss you, makes me
want to cry.
On these nights, oh it's the blues, the
blues.

Translated by Jimmy Pipkin

Saturday Night at Rusty's

We sat in the front row of Rusty's Jazz
Café,
smoke forming a screen between us,
while we nodded along
with the bassist.
He moved from string
to string with such finesse;
he wove in and out of piano
and drum with timing and diligence.

While you sipped your drink,
I glanced up to see John Coltrane
Immortalized in a photo,
Smiling
at something I was just
beginning to recognize.

Between musicians is an understanding
of notes half and whole.
it is the struggle of where
their fingers rest
for one,
uncomfortable beat
before connecting it
to another
that produces music.

Looking back at your focused eyes,
I wondered
would you reach out to me?

Samedi Soir à Rusty's

Nous étions assis au premier rang
à Rusty's Jazz Café,
la fumée entre nous comme un écran,
nos têtes battaient la mélodie
avec le bassiste.
Il avançait les doigts d'une corde
à l'autre avec tant de finesse ;
se faufile entre piano
et tambour avec rythme et diligence.

Alors que vous sirotiez votre alcool,
j'ai aperçu sur le mur John Coltrane
immortalisé en photo,
souriant
à quelque chose que je commençais
à peine à reconnaître.

Entre les musiciens existe une com-
préhension des notes
demi et entières.
C'est le dilemme d'où
poser leurs doigts
l'espace pénible
d'un battement
avant de le relier au suivant
qui produit la musique.

Me retournant vers ton regard fixe
je me demandais
me tendrais-tu la main ?

Written and translated by Molly Roscoe



Photo by Charles O'Keefe

Waseda University School Song

一、

都の西北 早稲田の森に
聳ゆる薨は われらが母校
われらが日ごろの 抱負を知るや
進取の精神 学の独立
現世を忘れぬ 久遠の理想
かがやくわれらが 行手を見よや
わせだ わせだ わせだ わせだ
わせだ わせだ わせだ

Northwest of the capital
In the forest of Waseda
The towering rooftops
Of our Alma Mater.
We know well
The long-cherished ambitions:
Enterprising spirit
Independence of learning.
Not forgetting this world
The everlasting ideal
Shining, we
Look at our path
Waseda, Waseda, Waseda, Waseda
Waseda, Waseda, Waseda

二、

東西古今の 文化のうしほ
一つに渦巻く 大島国の
大なる使命を 担いて立てる
われらが行手は 窮り知らず
やがても久遠の 理想の影は
あまねく天下に 輝き布かん
わせだ わせだ わせだ わせだ
わせだ わせだ わせだ

The tide of culture
Of all ages, East and West
Swirl into one.
The Great Island Nation's
Great fate
We carry on.
To our path
We know no end.
Now and forever
A perfect reflection
Throughout the country
Covered in radiance.
Waseda, Waseda, Waseda, Waseda
Waseda, Waseda, Waseda

三、

あれ見よかしこの 常磐の森は
心のふるさと われらが母校
集り散じて 人は変われど
仰ぐは同じき 理想の光
いざ声そろえて 空もとどろに
われらが母校の 名をばたたえん
わせだ わせだ わせだ わせだ
わせだ わせだ わせだ

Look at that,
The far-away, unchanging Forest
The place dear to our hearts,
Our Alma Mater.
After gathering and separating
A person changes, however
Similarly to looking up
The ideal light.
Then in unison
Thundering up to the skies
We praise the name of our Alma Mater
Waseda, Waseda, Waseda, Waseda
Waseda, Waseda, Waseda.

Translated by Matt Messmer

Wenn du groß bist...

Wenn du groß bist
ist die Welt um deine Füße,
und das Himmelsblau ist es auch.

Du kannst auf deinen Händen stehen,
deine Füße gegen die Decke stemmen,
ein großes Grinsen grinsen,
und noch das Mädchen deiner Träume
gewinnen.

Du kannst nicht in Löcher kriechen
wie kleine Leute das können,
und du kannst kleine Leute nicht sehen,
selbst wenn sie im Sitz neben dir sind.

Aber wenn du groß bist,
Bist du nie klein.
Und wenn du läufst,
Leuchtet dein Gesicht mit den Sternen.

When you're Tall...

When you're tall
the world is at your feet
And the sky blue too.

You can stand on your hands,
Press your feet on the ceiling,
grin a tall grin,
still win over the girl of your
dreams.

You can't crawl into little holes
like little people can,
and you can't see the little people,
even if they're in the next seat.

But when you're tall,
you're never small.
And whenever you walk
your face shines with the stars.

Written and translated by Timothy Cooper

Der Dunkle Stern

Ich liege
Mein Bett ist Erde
Unter dem Himmel bin ich
Augen groß aber immer blickend
Sehe ich den dunklen Stern.

Keine Wolke über mir
Sondern eine schwarze Decke.
Ich höre den Wind,
Höre die Bäume, höre den Fluss
Aber ich sehe nichts, nichts
Nur den dunklen Stern

Ich bin in meiner Heimat
Dieser Platz ist meine Heimat
Der dunkle Stern scheint über sie
Aber niemand sieht ihn
Ich sehe nur den dunklen Stern.

The Dark Star

I lie down
My bed is earth
Underneath the sky
Eyes wide yet always blinking
All I see is the dark star.

No clouds above me
Rather a dark blanket.
I hear the wind,
Hear the trees, hear the river
But I see nothing, nothing
Only the dark star.

I am at home
This place is my home
The dark star shines over
But no one sees
Only I see the dark star.

Written and translated by David Harman

From a Window

Once, through the cloudless glass, you noticed
a row of stars drifting west,

and reported that illusion to me
how they seemed to unhinge themselves

from their archaic stations
and travel against all reason.

You thought your eyesight was giving way at last.
You thought, for a minute, it was the invasion

we've all been waiting for.
You passed one hand over your eyes.

And when you glanced back you saw
the stars fixed finally in their hemisphere,

offering their variable light,
and a single satellite, that had seemed

the only quiet, stationary star,
marking its way in the everlasting sky.

Ann Townsend

D'une Fenêtre

Une fois, à travers la vitre transparente, tu aperçus
une chaîne d'étoiles voguant vers l'ouest,

et me racontas cette illusion
comment elles semblaient se démonter

de leurs postes archaïques
et voyager contre toute raison.

Tu crus que ta vue t'abandonnait enfin.
Tu crus, l'espace d'une seconde, que c'était l'invasion

que nous attendions tous.
D'une main tu couvris les yeux.

Et quand tu les découvris tu vis
les étoiles fixées sans fin dans leur hémisphère,

offrant leur lumière inconstante,
et un seul satellite, paru momentanément

l'unique étoile immuable et tranquille,
traçant sa voie dans le ciel éternel.

Translated by Judy Cochran

El sauce llorón

Antes, él nunca entendía el sauce llorón perfectamente encuadrado en la ventana de su dormitorio. A diferencia de los otros árboles, sus ramas caen elegantemente a la tierra, como una catarata. Parecía contento de permitir que sus ramas oscilen suavemente en la brisa. Tiene las hojas muy pequeñas y delicadas, casi frágiles. Antes, parecía elegante.

Ella era su primer amor. Era una chica dulce y traviesa siempre tenía tremenda sorpresa. Adoraba reírse y sonreír. Le gustaba tirar sus brazos arriba en el aire y girar, riéndose y sonriendo. La brisa sopló su pelo mientras ella giró. Ella llegaría a estar mareada y elegantemente se desplomó a la tierra. Entonces, ella se colocaría en el suelo y miraría fijamente en el cielo hasta que el mundo regresara al enfoque. El hombre estaba feliz al mirarla durmiendo en el césped. Él se cayó en el césped al lado de ella y miró fijamente al cielo y las nubes blancas. En la noche, caminaban abajo del cielo estrellado, y la luna brilló en su cara misteriosa, haciendo que las sombras escondieron sus ojos en la oscuridad. Ella tenía ojos infinitos donde guardaba sus emociones. Él podía mirar en las profundidades de sus ojos para extraer sus pensamientos y secretos. Sin embargo, cuando ella estaba en la sombra de la luna, él no pudo verlos. Eso le dio miedo.

Un día, cuando estaban caminando, el cielo tenía muchas nubes blancas y grises. No parecía llover, pero el sol estaba escondido parcialmente. La sonrisa de ella no era tan brillante como antes, pero todavía parecía contenta. Le faltaba la energía para girar, y su mente parecía ocupada. Cuando ella habló, su voz no era tan pura ni alegre.

Ella no quiso reunirse con él en la noche para caminar. Dijo que estaba cansada porque pasó todo el día en el sol. La besó y le dijo, con una sonrisa: descansa.

Ella le sonrió, dulcemente como siempre, pero su sonrisa parecía triste al mismo tiempo. Esa noche, él caminó sólo. El cielo no tenía estrellas y la luna estaba escondida por nubes. Sólo una astilla de luz quedaba.

El día siguiente, ella lo llamó para decirle que no podía reunirse con él. Llovía. Él no pudo caminar afuera. En la noche, la lluvia paró. Los pájaros ya se habían acostado; era una noche silenciosa y oscura. El cielo era claro después de la tormenta, pero la noche era tan oscura como un gato negro. La noche le dio escalofríos.

El día siguiente, ella rompió su corazón. Ella dijo que necesitaba más tiempo y espacio. Él dijo que la daría los dos, cualquier cosa que ella necesitara. Ella sonrió tristemente, sabiendo que era tiempo para cambiar. Necesitaba más sitio para crecer y tener el espacio para girar con sus brazos en el aire. Lo adoraba, pero no lo bastante; amaba su libertad más. Ella se fue. Cuando él fue dejado sólo, él recordó un poema por Pablo Neruda sobre el amor perdido. De repente, entendió lo que Neruda describe en el poema. Él sentía el dolor y la confusión, pero en su mayor parte, la soledad. Él, también, pudo escribir los versos más tristes aquella noche. Él vagó alrededor, reflexionando en las palabras del poema. Después de un rato, llegó a estar cansado, y volvió a su dormitorio. Afuera, podría ver el sauce llorón. Miró sus ramas débiles que dan y oscilan en el viento hasta que él finalmente se durmió, cansado y derrotado.

Él creció como el árbol creció y, ahora, sabe que el sauce llorón es un árbol triste. Mientras las ramas de otros árboles se estiran hacia el cielo, las ramas de un sauce caen a la tierra como lágrimas. Parece que el peso del mundo es demasiado para ellas; ellas no son suficientemente fuertes para tener arriba sus ramas.



The Weeping Willow

Before, he never understood the weeping willow tree that was perfectly framed in his bedroom window. Different from the other trees, its branches elegantly fell to the earth, like a waterfall. It appeared content to wave its branches gently in the breeze. It had small and delicate leaves, almost fragile. Before, it looked elegant.

She was his first love. She was a sweet and mischievous girl—she always had tremendous surprise. She adored laughing and smiling. She liked to throw her arms in the air and spin, laughing and smiling. The breeze blew her hair while she spun. When she began to get dizzy, she elegantly fell to the ground. Then, she would lie on the ground and look intently at the sky until the world stopped turning. The man was happy just to watch her sleep in the

grass. He fell onto the grass next to her and watched the sky and the white clouds intently: At night, they walked under the starry sky, and the moon shone brightly on her mysterious face, causing the shadows to hide her eyes in darkness. She had infinite eyes where she kept her emotions. He would look deeply into them to extract her thoughts and secrets. However, when she was in the shade of the moonlight, he could not see them. This made him afraid.

One day, when they were walking, the sky was full of white and light gray clouds. It did not look like it was going to rain, but the sun was partially hidden. Her smile was not as bright as before, but she still appeared happy. She did not have the energy to spin, and her mind seemed preoccupied. When she spoke, her voice was not as pure or happy:

She did not want to meet him that night to walk. She said she was tired after spending the entire day in the sun. He kissed her and said with a smile: rest. She smiled at him, sweetly as always, but her smile seemed sad. That night, he walked alone. The sky did not have as many stars, and the moon was partially hidden by clouds. Only a sliver of light remained.

The next day, she called to tell him that she could not meet with him. It rained. He could not walk outside. At night, the rain stopped. The birds had already gone to sleep; it was a dark and silent night. The sky was clear after the storm, but the night was as dark as a black cat. The night gave him chills.

The next day, she broke his heart. She said that she needed more time and space. He said he would give her both—whatever she needed. She smiled sadly, knowing that it was time to change. She needed more space to grow and to spin with her arms in the air. She loved him, but not enough; she loved her freedom more. She left. When he was left alone, he remembered a poem by Pablo Neruda about lost love. Suddenly, he understood what Neruda described in the poem. He felt the pain and the confusion, but mostly, the loneliness. He too could

write the saddest verses that night. He wandered around, reflecting on the words in the poem. After a while, he became tired, and he returned to his room. Outside, he could see the weeping willow tree. He watched its frail branches bend and sway in the wind until he finally slept, exhausted and defeated.

He grew like the tree grew, and now, he knows that the weeping willow is a sad tree. While the branches of other trees stretch towards the sky, a weeping willow's branches fall to the earth like tears. It appears that the weight of the world is too much for them; they are not strong enough to hold their branches up.

~This story is a dialogue between two works: Pablo Neruda's (Chile) poem "Puedo escribir los versos" and the short story "El árbol" by M. Luisa Bombal (Chile).

Written and translated by Sara Cahill

Photo by Charles O'Keefe

past, present

her sore breasts, hang
in the balance of life and death,
where his suckling mouth smiles,
greedily clutching waiting and wanting
more; she desires none, until he closes his
eyes and rests his small fist
lightly on her tender chest.

dried and bruised, she flinches
at his feathery touch.
lips like the son of Washington
and small arms as strong as she
propel her fear;
for him?
of him?

he is the world, to her.
mingled in the blood of old and new,
he rests in her lap, on her mind
until she sees that no one is there,
except her, with her shirt, brutally torn,
and a dark room, open as she,
that she cannot find the energy to
leave.

Jennifer Humbert

passé, présent

ses seins douloureux, sont
en jeu entre la vie et la mort,
où sa bouche allaitée sourit,
saisissant avidement attendant et voulant
plus; elle ne désire rien, jusqu'à ce qu'il
ferme les yeux et repose légèrement son
petit poing sur sa poitrine douce.

séchée et talée, elle tressaillit
à son toucher duveteux.
les lèvres comme le fils de Washington
et les petits bras aussi forts qu'elle
propulsent sa crainte ;
pour lui ?
de lui ?

il est son existence, son monde
mêlé dans un sang d'antan et du présent,
il repose sure ses genoux, dans ses pensées
jusqu'à ce qu'elle voie que personne n'est là,
sauf elle, avec sa chemise, déchirée brutale-
ment, dans l'obscurité d'une salle, ouverte
comme elle, qu'elle ne peut trouver l'énergie
de partir.

Translated by Matt Bishop

Une Autre Femme

Aujourd'hui, une autre femme est morte;
Non pas sur une terre étrangère,
non pas avec un fusil sanglé sur son dos,
ni avec une grande armée de
véhicules de combat
grondants et roulants derrière elle...

Elle est morte sans que CNN ne parle de sa
guerre;
Elle est morte sans ces grands discours
sur les bombes et les cibles stratégiques.
La cible était simplement son visage,
son dos, son ventre rond...

La cible était sa chair précieuse ;
celle qui a été un jour composée
comme de la musique
dans le corps de sa mère,
et chanté dans l'hymne de sa naissance.

La cible était cette vie
qui avait vécu sa propre aventure,
qui avait été aimée et pas aimée,
qui avait dansé et pas dansé.

Une vie comme la vôtre ou la mienne,
qui avait trébuché au début
et qui avait appris
à marcher, lire, et chanter.

Une autre femme est morte aujourd'hui.
Pas très loin d'où vous habitez;
Juste ici, la porte d'à côté ;
Là où les longues chutes de lumière
se dispersent sur le trottoir.

Juste là-bas, quelques pas plus loin
là où vous l'avez entendue crier si souvent,
une autre femme est morte aujourd'hui.

Elle était la même petite fille que
sa mère avait l'habitude d'embrasser ;
la même enfant dont vous avez rêvé à l'école.

Le même bébé que les parents avaient
l'habitude de tenir
et border durant la nuit ;
ces parents qui écoutaient ses pleurs,
écoutaient encore et encore même en-
dormis.

Et quelqu'un a confondu sa rage
avec la vie de cette femme.
A sa seule vie.

Carol Geneya Kaplan
June 22, 2002

Another Woman

Today another woman died
and not on a foreign field
and not with a rifle strapped to her back,
and not with a large defense of
tanks
rumbling and rolling behind her...

She died without CNN covering her war.
She died without talk of intelligent bombs
and strategic targets
The target was simply her face, her back
her pregnant belly...

The target was her precious flesh
that was once composed like music
in her mother's body and sung
in the anthem of birth.

The target was this life
that had lived its own dear wildness,
had been loved and not loved,
had danced and not danced.

A life like yours or mine
that had stumbled up
from a beginning
and had learned to walk,
read and sing.

Another woman died today.
not far from where you live;
Just there, next door where the tall light
scatters across the pavement.

Just there, a few steps away
where you've often heard shouting,
another woman died today.

She was the same girl
her mother used to kiss;
The same child you dreamed
about in school.

The same baby her parents
tucked in at night
and listened and listened
for her cries even while they slept

And someone has confused his rage
with her only life.

*Translated by
Fadoua El Bouamraoui*



Photo by Charles O'Keefe

The Mowers

I'm looking at the intersection
of thigh and cloth,
oh at you,
where, caught in sunlight,
fabric adorns you.

Muscles shifting
beneath skin, tendons
maxed out at their task
you're only scything the field's fallow grass

down to stubble
but I grow my fingernails long
so they may graze you
and I paint them pink
to glow against your tan

thigh to kneecap
to the calf's demarcation.
Who knows why
we love each other this way?
Your shout of laughter,

it arcs to me
across the hillside
where I weed away chicory,
other riffs of green
and the stinging

nettle, its rosary of pain.
I press against my palm
and cross over to you,
bearing a stigmata,
red's rising tide.

Ann Townsend

Les Faucheurs

Je fixe l'angle où ta cuisse
rencontre ton blue-jean,
je te contemple,
là où, pris de soleil,
la toile délavée te célèbre.

Muscles roulant
sous la peau, tendons
saillant sous la besogne
tu ne fais que faucher l'herbe de la jachère

à son chaume
mais je laisse pousser mes ongles
pour qu'ils te tondent
et je les peins en rose
ils brillent sur ta peau baisée par le soleil

de la cuisse au genou
à la frontière du mollet.
Qui saura pourquoi
nous nous aimons ainsi ?
Ton rire trace

sa courbe
par-delà la colline
où je cueille des brins de chicorée,
d'autres phrasés verts
et la piquante

ortie, rosaire de douleur.
Je l'étreins dans ma paume
et viens vers toi,
marquée du stigmata,
rouge marée montante.

Translated by Judy Cochran



Photo by Priscilla Paton

La Grande Dame de Paris

La Grande Dame de Paris,
celle qui observe tout,
celle qui est observée par tous.

Beauté historique, symbole d'une nation,
n'oublie pas de nous regarder
comme tous les jours.

Eiffel ton nom, et grandeur
pour toujours, tu resteras
au cœur de mon amour.

Le soleil nous montre ton vrai
visage; tes vraies couleurs;
rouge comme le cœur
bleu comme le ciel
jaune comme le même soleil

Vis pour toujours : maintenant, avant
et après, Ma Grande Dame de Paris.

The Great Lady of Paris

The Great Lady of Paris,
she that observes all,
she that is observed by all.

Historically beautiful, symbol of a nation,
don't forget to watch over us
as usual, everyday.

Eiffel your name, and greatness
forever, you will remain
in the heart of my love.

The sun reveals your true
face; your true colors;
red like the heart
blue like the sky
yellow like the sun.

Live forever: now, before
and after, My Great lady of Paris.

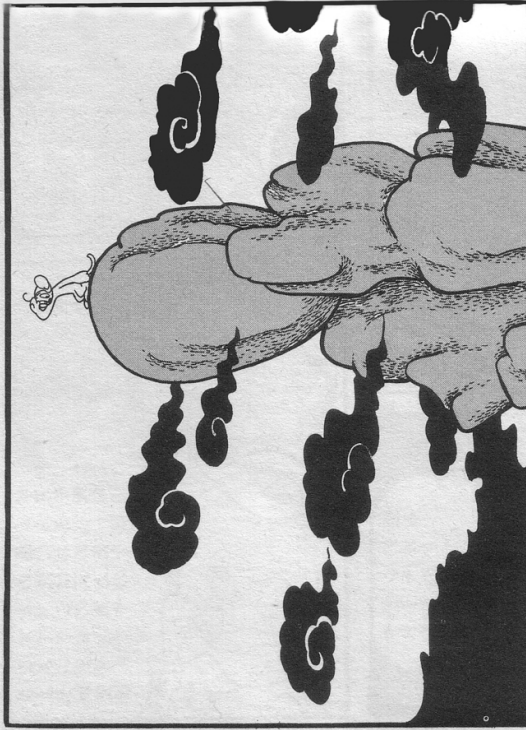
Written and translated by Gonzalo Tuesta

The following pages illustrate Japanese humor through cartoons.

Tezuka Osamu (1928-1989) was one of the leading animators in postwar Japan. His most famous character is Tetsuwan Atomu (Atom Boy). Son Goku, a monkey/boy hybrid character born from a rock and possessing tremendous physical abilities, originally appeared as the hero of the late-sixteenth century Chinese classic "Journey to the West." Son Goku in his various forms appears in Japan in the Dragonball series and other popular media.

Michael Tangeman

Cartoons translated by Sarah Pillerdorf



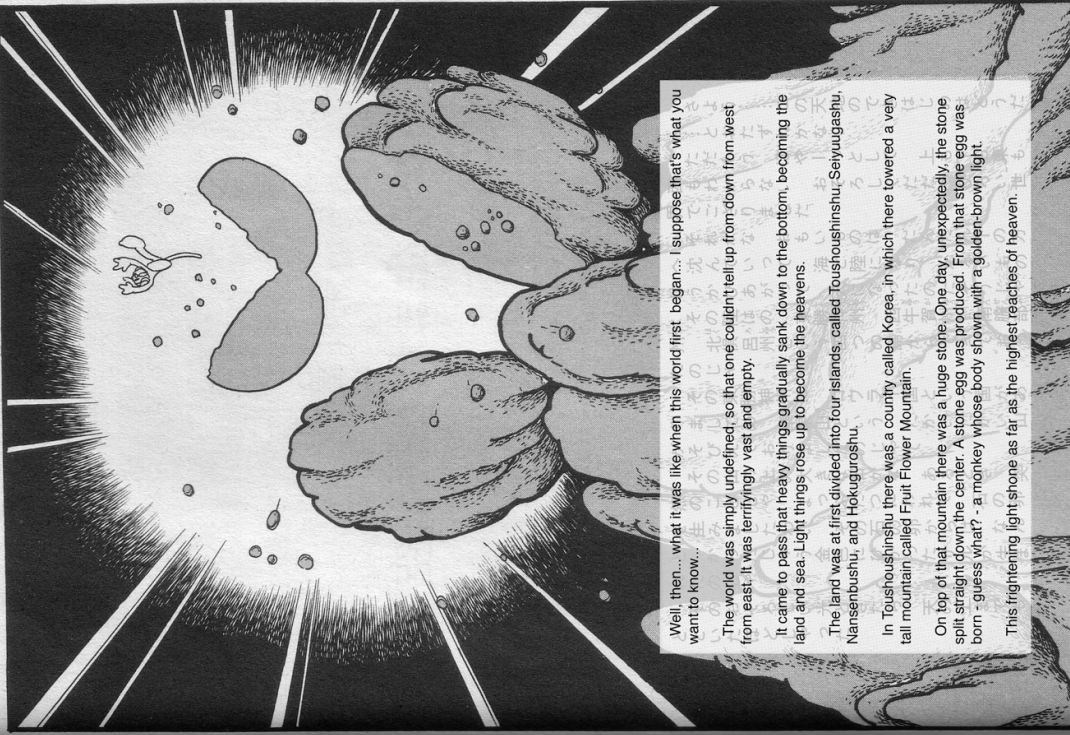
Jade Emperor!!!
Some, something
important is happeningggg!



Really. Born
from a stone -
must be no
ordinary kind
of person,
huh. *

Is that so?

That light is coming
from a stone
monkey that was
born in the
lower world from
a boulder on
a mountain
called Fruit
Flower Mountain!



Well, then... what it was like when this world first began... I suppose that's what you
want to know...

The world was simply undefined, so that one couldn't tell up from down from west
from east. It was terrifyingly vast and empty.

It came to pass that heavy things gradually sank down to the bottom, becoming the
land and sea. Light things rose up to become the heavens.

The land was at first divided into four islands, called Touthoushinsu, Seryuugashu,
Nansenbushu, and Hokuguroshu.

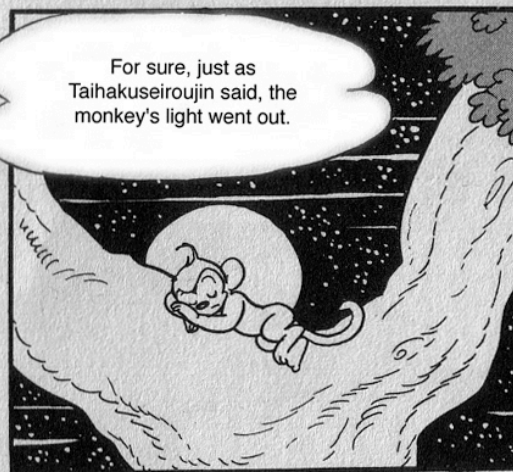
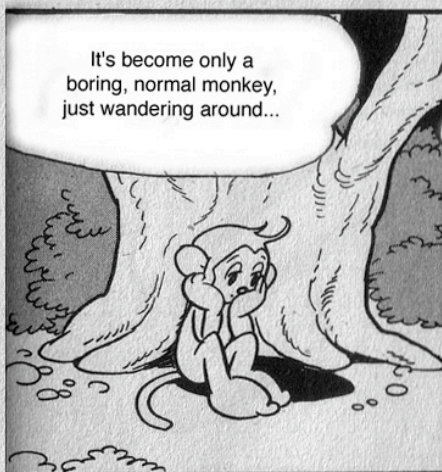
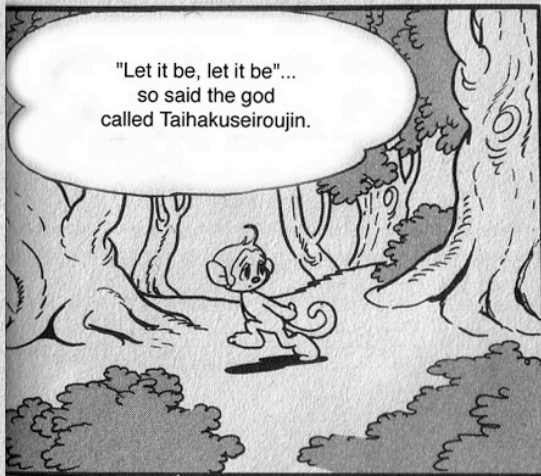
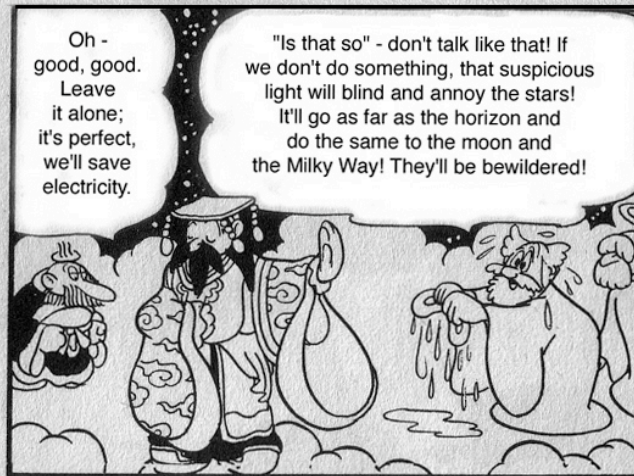
In Touthoushinsu there was a country called Korea, in which there towered a very
tall mountain called Fruit Flower Mountain.

On top of that mountain there was a huge stone. One day, unexpectedly, the stone
split straight down the center. A stone egg was produced. From that stone egg was
born - guess what? - a monkey whose body shown with a golden-brown light.

This frightening light shone as far as the highest reaches of heaven.

* There is an untranslatable pun here; "sarumono" means "extraordinary person,"
and "saru" means "monkey."





Schuhe der Heimat

“Diese Stiefel sind fürs Spazieren”
Oder so geht die Redensart
Und ich habe viele Schuhe
Nur von Stiefeln hab’ ich zehn Paare.

Ich kaufe keine Schuhe allein
Ich kaufe sie mit Freunden
Mit Mutter und Schwester auch
Sie sind die ganze Heimat, die ich
brauch’.

Ich trage meine Schuhe allerorten
Dann wenn ich Heimweh hab’ oder allein bin
Schaue ich meine Schuhe an den
Füssen an Und weiss, ich habe ein
Stück von Heimat mit mir.

Boots of Home

“These boots are made for walking”
Or so the saying goes
And I have lots of shoes
From boots alone I have ten pairs.

I buy no single shoes
I buy them all with friends
With mother and sister too
They are the only home
I need.

I wear my shoes wherever I go
Then when I feel
all alone
I look at the shoes on my feet
And I know I’m not far
From home.

Written and translated by Danielle Gerken

La peste de la langue française

Si jamais il y avait une langue universelle, j'espère que ce ne serait pas le français. On peut me demander, « Curtis, tu aimes la langue française ! Tu l'as étudiée pendant presque neuf ans ! Comment peux-tu dire cela ? » Mais, j'ai conclu, après avoir obtenu une vaste connaissance du français, que la vie serait plus simple pour tout le monde sans le genre pour les noms. Donc, une langue comme l'allemand, dans laquelle il y a trois genres, serait pire, bien sûr. Alors, il existe les langues comme l'anglais, dans lesquelles il n'y a aucun genre, et cela serait tellement mieux pour une langue courante.

Le genre des noms est un problème pour plusieurs raisons. D'emblée, le genre présente quelques problèmes de sexisme. Pourquoi, par exemple, est-ce que « le travail » est masculin, quand « les vacances » sont féminines ? Pourquoi « un problème » est-il masculin, quand « la joie » est féminine ? Les femmes peuvent être froissées pour des raisons similaires, telles que « le bonheur » qui est masculin, est « la tristesse » qui est féminine.

Si on n'est pas d'accord avec l'idée que le genre est sexiste, on doit admettre que le genre peut troubler de temps en temps la plupart des gens qui veulent apprendre le français. Les parties du corps humain illustrent bien cette idée. Pourquoi « les seins » sont-ils masculins, quand seulement les femmes les possèdent ? C'est la même chose avec « la verge » pour les hommes. A mon avis, ce n'est pas logique.

De plus, il est tellement difficile d'apprendre le genre en français parce qu'il n'existe aucune règle dans la langue française qui soit constamment appliquée à propos du genre. Par exemple, dans les premières années d'études du français, on apprend qu'un « e » supplémentaire à la fin d'un mot signifie un mot féminin. Mais il faut mémoriser les exceptions comme « le lycée » et « le musée ».

Le genre n'est pas seulement un problème concernant les noms. Il ne faut pas seulement se souvenir des genres des noms, il faut accorder les noms avec les adjectifs, les articles, les prépositions, etc. Cela rend le genre encore plus perturbant. Les

couleurs, selon un professeur ou un dictionnaire, sont toutes masculines (C'est ironique parce que le mot « couleur » est féminin). Mais ce n'est pas complètement correct ; elles sont toutes masculines sauf quand elles sont utilisées comme adjectif. Donc, dans cette situation on doit les accorder avec le nom de la phrase.

Les règles qui gouvernent les pronoms et les prépositions, qui sont difficiles à apprendre quand-même, sont rendues plus confuses par le genre. En anglais, on doit apprendre l'usage, et les distinctions subtiles entre des mots tels que « who » et « whom », mais le genre français complice beaucoup plus les pronoms. Pour chaque pronom ou pronom relatif qu'on doit apprendre en anglais, on doit mémoriser deux formes en français. Et ce n'est pas tout. En français, par exemple, les mots « de » et « le » deviennent « du » d'habitude, sauf quand le mot « le » est utilisé comme pronom, comme dans la phrase, « J'ai besoin de le lui donner ». On fait la même chose avec « de » et « les ».

De plus, quand on apprend les règles des expressions qui utilisent les prépositions, comme « venir de », on rencontre encore des difficultés à cause du genre. Par exemple, on peut dire « Je viens du Mexique », mais on doit dire, « Je viens de France ». C'est à cause de deux bêtises du genre. La première bêtise est que tous les pays qui se terminent en « e » sont féminins, sauf quelques exceptions (comme Mexique) qu'il faut mémoriser. L'autre bêtise est qu'on ne peut pas dire « de la » à propos d'un pays. Il faut laisser tomber le « la » de la phrase. La raison pour laquelle on fait cela je ne peux pas vous dire. C'est simplement un autre exemple des dégâts du genre l'aspect le plus pénible du français.

Finalement, je ne vois pas la raison pour laquelle le genre doit exister. Biologiquement, ce n'est pas logique. Le genre n'existe pas dans la nature, sauf pour les animaux. Les plantes, les microbes, et toutes les choses non vivantes n'ont pas besoin d'être désignées avec un genre. Pourquoi doit-on assigner le genre aux meubles, aux pierres, à n'importe quoi ? C'est fou, ce n'est pas nécessaire, et cela sert seulement à rendre la vie plus difficile pour tout le monde non francophone. Je sais que je ne peux pas changer la langue française, mais je serai toujours convaincu que le genre est la peste de la langue française.



Photo by Priscilla Paton

This is a tongue-in-cheek essay that I wrote for a class while I was studying abroad in Nantes, France. Our professor told us we could write about anything we chose, as long as it gave him a representative sample of our writing style. I chose to complain about French grammar rules. The title translated into English means, “The Plague of the French Language,” and the plague to which I am referring is the gender of nouns. Now, the grammatical concept of gender does not apply in the same way to the English language, so allow me to explain further.

In English we have gendered nouns for occupational titles, such as actor and actress. This allows us to quickly and easily express whether the worker in question is a man or a woman. In some cases we even apply gender to animals (such as a goose and a gander, or a cow and a bull). Now imagine that gender did not only apply to people and animals, but to everything. Imagine that doors, chairs, and lamps were female, that walls, pencils, and sandwiches were male, and that we had to refer to each of them as such. Now imagine that the gender of a noun affected what kind of articles and adjectives we used to label it. Taking for example our female door, we can no longer simply say “a red door,” because door is feminine and calls for feminine articles and adjectives, so we must call it “aye redde door.” This quickly complicates our use of language, because we must memorize the gender of every noun (of every person, place and thing in existence) in order to ensure proper use of accompanying articles and adjectives. When this concept is applied to preposition and pronoun usage, it becomes even more complicated, and so on.

Aside from unnecessarily complicating grammar usage, I complain in my essay that the “gendering” of every noun can have adverse effects on meaning. I cite the sexism inherent in the gendering of certain nouns, such as calling work masculine and vacation feminine, or call-

ing problems masculine and the joy of living feminine. I also point out the illogicality with which parts of the body are gendered in French. The French words for “breasts” and “vagina” are both masculine, and while the most common word for “penis” is masculine, there are feminine words to describe it in both proper French and slang. I conclude my gripe session by decrying the gratuitousness of having a gender for every noun in the French language. I argue that biologically, only a small percent of the world’s living organisms actually are characterized as having sex or gender, and that it is foolish of us to attribute this quality to inanimate objects.

Written and translated by Curtis Plowgian



[Click here to view this short film](#)

Zane Householder

El tenis y las frustraciones

La cancha es una oficina de psicología

El doctor es mi fuerza y la raqueta

Mis frustraciones son las pelotas

Con toda mi fuerza, tomo mi raqueta y rompo mis frustraciones contra la pared

Después de algún tiempo, la mente, el cuerpo, y las frustraciones están agotados

Puedo expresarme de una manera saludable y de ejercicio

La cosa más importante es que mis problemas están demasiado cansados

Que no puedo preocuparme con las emociones

-de tristeza, de enfado, de dolor, de nada-

El tenis es mi medicina

Tennis and Frustrations

The court is a psychologist's office

The doctor is my strength and the racket

My frustrations are the balls

With all my strength, I take my racket and break my frustrations against the wall

After some time, my mind, my body, my frustrations are worn out

I can express myself in a healthy way

The most important thing is that my problems are too tired

To worry me with emotions

-Of sadness, anger, pain, or anything-

Tennis is my medicine

La tumba de Ben

A la tumba de Ben, hay muchos sentimientos y pensamientos
Que fluyen a través de la mente.
Ben, un amigo, me oiría durante muchas horas cuando vivió.
Ahora, puedo hallar una tranquilidad única cuando hablo con él, aunque es su espíritu.
Hallo algo que no puedo explicar.
-una serenidad, una paz, una amistad-
No sé, pero es algo que yo necesito.
Cuando voy a la tumba, sé que Ben escucha.
No hay duda,
Probablemente porque Ben siempre hace el tiempo por mi voz.

Ben's grave

At Ben's grave, there are many thoughts and feelings
That flow through my mind.
Ben, a friend, listened to me for many hours when he lived.
Now, I find a unique tranquility when I speak with him, although it is his spirit.
I find something I cannot explain.
-Serenity, peace, friendship-
I don't know, but it is something I need.
When I go to the grave, I know Ben is listening.
There is no doubt,
Probably because Ben always makes time for my voice.

Written and translated by Jennifer Zimmer

时报广场雨中

罗慈

宣布教皇死了

我们

在时报广场

霓虹灯

雨

游客

看新闻

很大的电视

我不会忘

Time Square in the rain

They said the Pope was dead

We

in Time Square

neon lights

rain

tourists

watching news

big screen TV

. . . I will never forget

Written and translated by Autumn Lotze



Photo by Charles O'Keefe

Farben der Erde
Grün der Bäume Blau der Seen
glänzend gewinnend

Farben der Welt
die Regenbogenfelder
heiter tröstlich wild

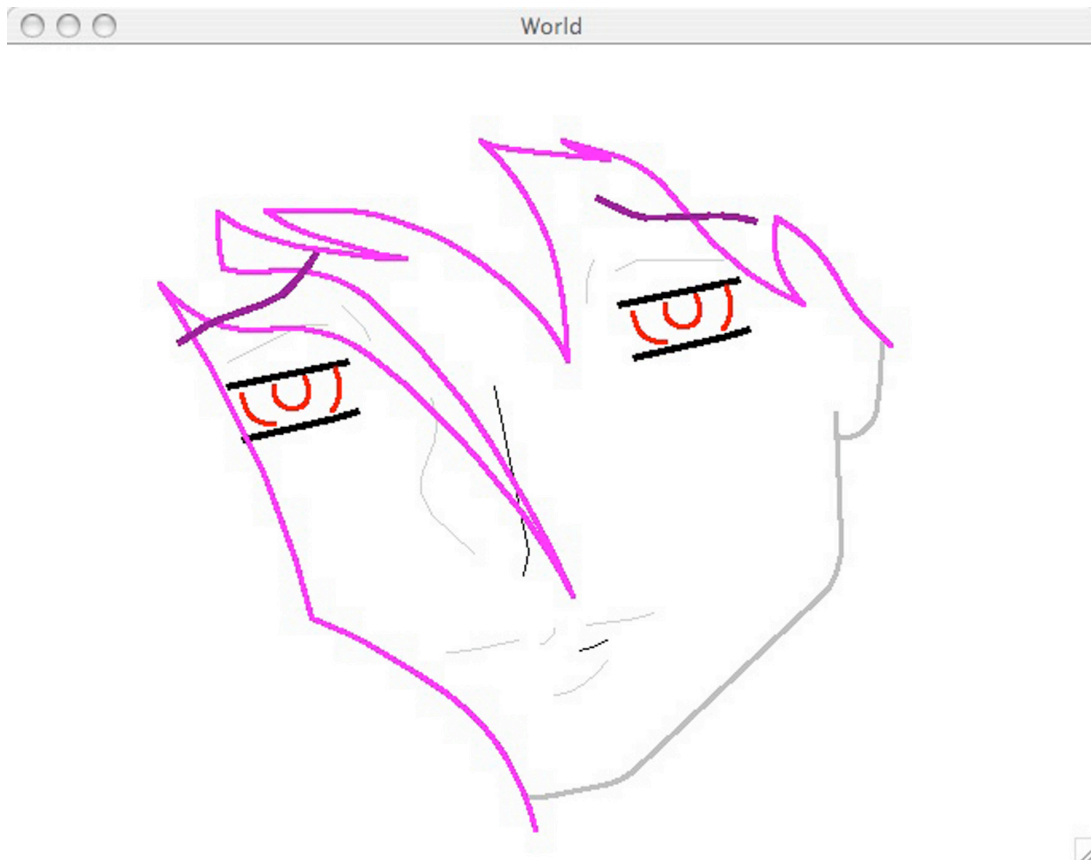
colors of the earth
green of trees blue of lakes
brilliant engaging

colors of the world
fields of rainbows
comforting serene wild

Written and translated by Stephen M. Julka

Java is a language used for programming a computer. This involves specifying at a very precise level of detail each step that is required of the computer. The facilities we provide our students in the creation of their "Turtle Art" include a step to set the color of the virtual "pen," to turn in a particular direction, and to move forward a specified number of pixels, which are simply dots on the screen. When the virtual pen is moved forward, it draws in the chosen color. From these very simple small steps, students can compose programs that take hundreds or even thousands of steps to create a picture. The task at hand is analogous to limiting a writer to only a few hundred words, or an artist to only the primary colors and a single thin brush.

Thomas Bressoud



```
import java.awt.Color;
public class UseTurtles{
    public static void main(String[] args) {
        World canvas = new World();
        System.out.println(canvas);
        Turtle turtle1 = new Turtle(canvas);
        System.out.println(turtle1);
        Turtle turtle2 = new Turtle(130,110, canvas);
        turtle1.penUp();
        turtle1.forward(80);
        turtle2.penUp();
        turtle2.backward(90);
        turtle1.turn(78);
        turtle1.forward(40);
        turtle2.turn(78); // turtle1 and turtle2 finish positioning.
```

Designed and programmed by Eric Nelson

永き日や
欠伸うつして
別れゆく

夏目漱石

At a long day's end
A yawn copied ruefully
Fellowship parting.

Natsume Soseki

友がきて、去ってゆく。春の午後。別れぎわに友は、大きな欠伸をする。友を見送る私もまた、欠伸をしてしまう。友人同士の心おけない関係。それまでの会話の内容がみえてくる

A friend has come and is now leaving. It's a spring afternoon. As he leaves, the friend yawns. While seeing his friend off, the host also yawns. It is a friendship they don't want to leave behind. In the poem, the feeling of the conversation they've had is evident.

柿くえば
鐘が鳴るなり
法隆寺

正岡子規

Eating persimmons
The bell's deep tone echoes at
Horyuji

Masaoka Shiki

低い鐘の音が響く――また響く。鐘の音が秋靄たなびく田園に響く――悠久の鐘の音。法隆寺の鐘の音だ。そのとき私は先程いただいた柿を頬張っていた。奈良という古都の風景と歴史を頬張っていた。

A bell's sound echoes, low pitched – echoes again. The sound echoes over a rural field overhung with fall haze – an eternal sound. It is the sound of the Horyuji temple bell. Just now, the poet had been stuffing himself with persimmons he had been given. He was also feasting on the scenery and history of the ancient capital of Nara.

Translations by Sarah Clapp



Photo by Charles O'Keefe

Home is where the heart is
The road is where the soul is

La demeure est là où se trouve le cœur
Le chemin est là où se trouve l'âme

Home is a place of childhood
The road is where childhood ends

La demeure embrasse l'enfance
Sur le chemin, elle se termine

Home is a place of safety
The road offers none

La demeure offre un abri
Le chemin n'en offre aucun

Home is a place of family
The road is a place of friends

La demeure est là où se trouve la famille
Le chemin est là où se trouvent les amis

Home is always constant
The road is ever changing

La demeure est toujours constante
Le chemin change constamment

Home is always welcoming
The road is often cold

La demeure est toujours accueillante
Le chemin est froid souvent

Home is a prison, albeit a warm one

The road is freedom, the road is open

La demeure est une prison, même
chaleureuse
Le chemin est ouvert comme la liberté

I have chosen my path
To follow my soul

J'ai choisi le sentier
Qui mène à mon âme

John Burzynski

Translated by Megan Fetter



Photo by Richard Banahan

Baltimore

Glänzende Lichter
Helle Sterne
Ausgeleuchtet die Stadt

Der Abglanz schimmert
Über ruhigem Wasser
Still im Hafen

Wegen der Hektik
Der geschäftigen Stadt
Tröstung übermannt mich

Ich bin daheim

Baltimore

Gleaming lights
Bright stars
The city is aglow

The reflection shimmers
Over calm waters
Quiet in the harbor

Despite the chaos
Of the bustling city
Comfort and solace settle over me

I am home

Written and translated by Kim Freeman

Home

Where do I find myself now
Where have I placed my heart

Where do I find myself now
when I close my eyes
Where have I placed my heart
when I hear your name

The meaning of my life
is through your being
What have you given me?

Eyes of sky
Hair of earth
My Home

Heimat

Wo finde ich mich jetzt
Wohin habe ich mein Herz gesetzt

Wo finde ich mich jetzt
wenn ich meine Augen schliesse
Wohin habe ich mein Herz gesetzt
wenn ich deinen Namen hoere

Die Bedeutung meines Leben
ist durch dich entstanden
Was hast du mir gegeben?

Augen vom Himmel
Haare aus der Erde
Meine Heima

Written and translated by Jacob Rodriguez-Noble

Oft verberge ich mich
unter der Decke
genäht von den Händen
meiner Großmutter,

Dann bin ich in meiner Heimat.

Oft I hide myself
under the bedspread
quilted by the hands
of my Grandmother,

Then I am at home.

Written and translated by Suzanne Kennedy



Department of Modern Languages
Judy Cochran
Professor of French
<http://www.denison.edu/modlangs>